WESTERN CRIME BUSTERS

DEC. 10¢ No. 8

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featuring:
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K-BAR-KATE
SIX-GUN SMITH
WILMA WEST

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FIGHTING BOB DALE

"THE CLAIM JUMPERS!"

by Robert McCarty

NOT LONG AFTERWARD, BRICK MADDOCK, A SHADY CHARACTER FROM GILA GULCH RIDES BY WITH ONE OF HIS CRONIES...

WHAT'S THIS? IT'S OLD JIM LANSING!

YEAH... HE'S BEEN DIGGIN' 'ROUND THESE PARTS FER YEARS!

HEY, BRICK, LOOK... IN HIS HANDS!

GOLLY... HE REALLY STRUCK IT... IT'S GOLD, ALL RIGHT!

BRICK AND HIS BUDDY FIND JIM'S DIGGINGS.

HERE'S THE SPOT... POWERFUL RICH, TOO!

BRICK, YOU THINKIN' WHUT I'M THINKIN'?

YUH KNOW DURN WELL WHAT I'M THINKIN'! WE'RE GONNA RIDE RIGHT INTO TOWN AN' FIX IT SO THIS CLAIM IS OURS!

OKAY, BRICK, LE'S GO!

BACK IN TOWN...

NOW, LOOK, YOU GUNNIES... WE GONNA DO THIS REAL LEGAL. THEN WE'LL OWN THAT CLAIM AN' WORK IT WITHOUT NOBODY ASKIN' QUESTIONS, SEE?

YOU'RE THE SMART 'UN, BRICK... WE'LL DO IT LIKE YOU SAY!

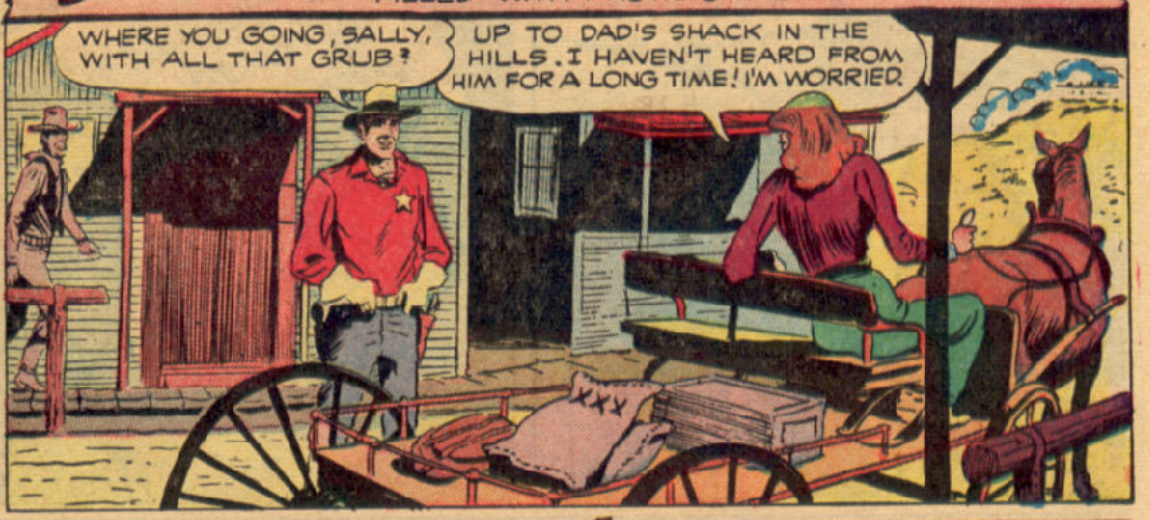
THAR 'TIS... SAYIN' HE DEEDED THE CLAIM TO ME FER MONEY HE OWED ME. ALL SIGNED WIT' HIS NAME, TOO!

LOOKS MIGHTY CONVINCIN' BRICK!

SHERIFF BOB DALE SEES SALLY LANSING CLIMB INTO HER BUGGY FILLED WITH PROVISIONS...

WHERE YOU GOING, SALLY, WITH ALL THAT GRUB?

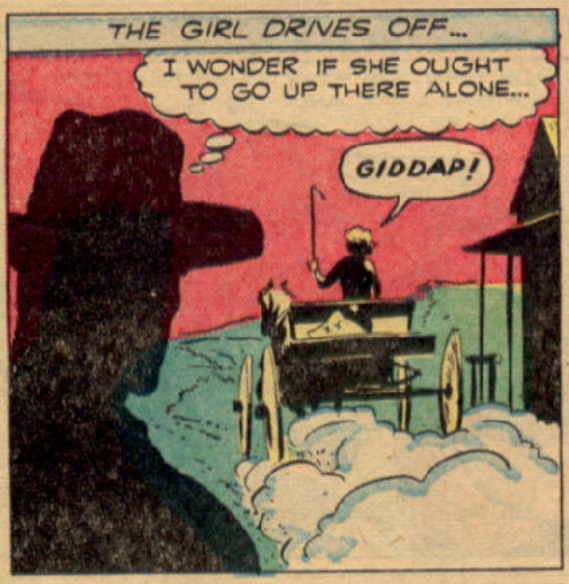
UP TO DAD'S SHACK IN THE HILLS. I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM FOR A LONG TIME! I'M WORRIED.



THE GIRL DRIVES OFF...

I WONDER IF SHE OUGHT TO GO UP THERE ALONE...

GIDDAP!

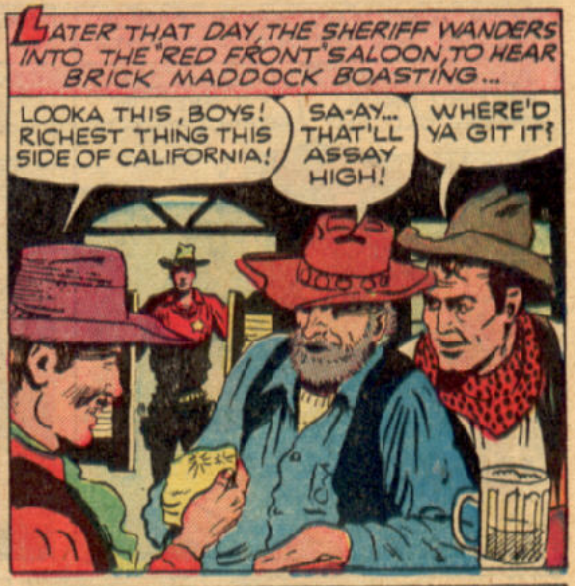


LATER THAT DAY, THE SHERIFF WANDERS INTO THE "RED FRONT" SALOON, TO HEAR BRICK MADDOCK BOASTING...

LOOKA THIS, BOYS! RICHEST THING THIS SIDE OF CALIFORNIA!

SA-AY... THAT'LL ASSAY HIGH!

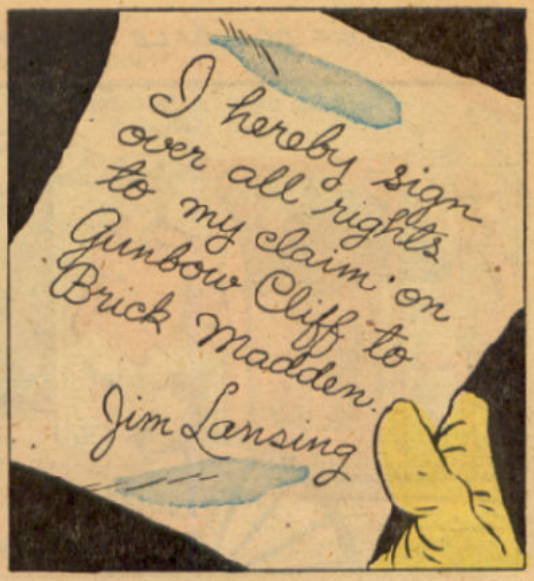
WHERE'D YA GIT IT?



FROM MY OWN CLAIM, BOYS. ONE I GOT FROM OLD JIM LANSING, ALL LEGAL-LIKE. THIS DEED PROVES IT.

OLD LANSING'S ONLY THOUGHT WAS FOR SALLY'S FUTURE. HE WOULDN'T DEED AWAY HIS CLAIM. I SMELL A SKUNK IN HERE SOMEWHERE!

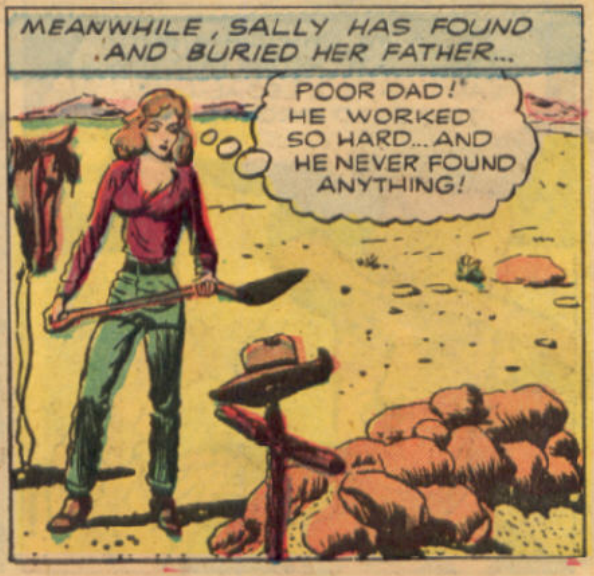
HOW ABOUT LETTING ME SEE THAT PAPER?
SURE, SHERIFF, SURE! ALL SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED!

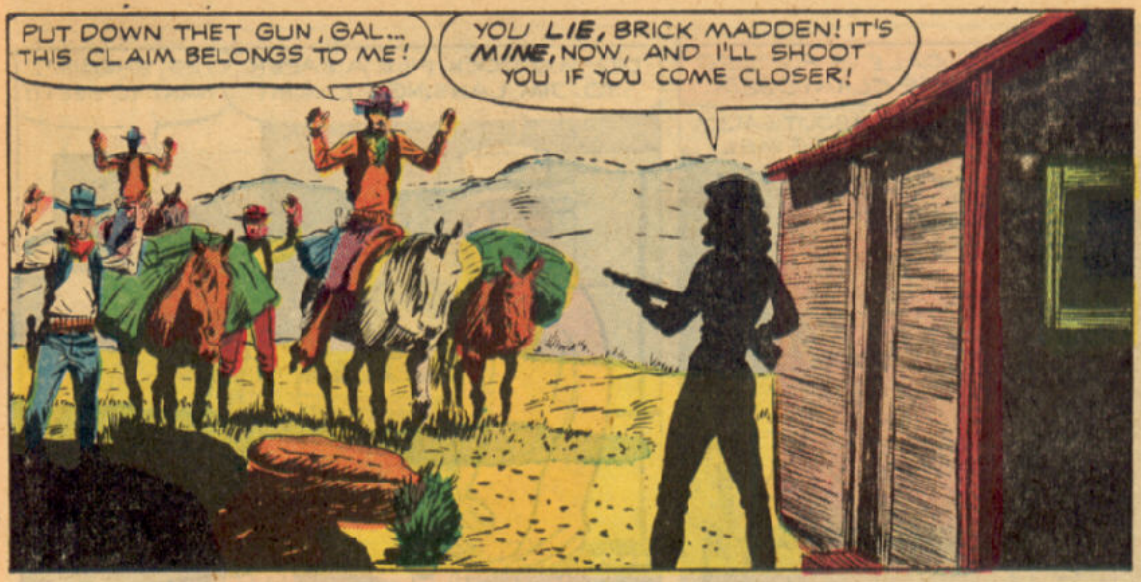

I hereby sign over all rights to my claim on Gunbow Cliff to Brick Madden.
Jim Lansing

BRICK MADDEN LOSES NO TIME IN FILING HIS SPURIOUS CLAIM...
I'LL PUT IT ON RECORD, BRICK. WHERE'S OLD JIM?
I DUNNO. OFF PROSPECTIN' AGAIN, I RECKON!

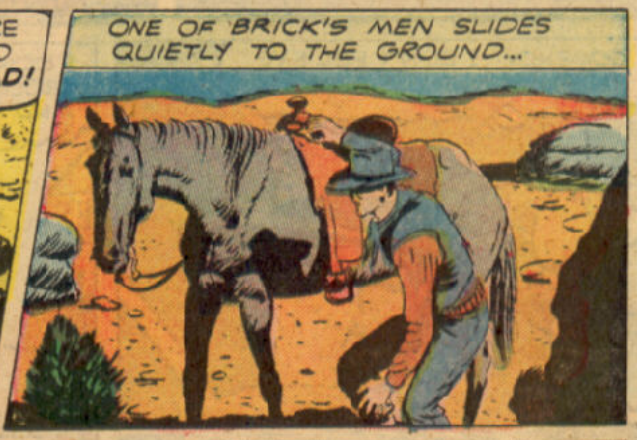
BRICK ROUNDS UP A GANG OF MEN TO WORK THE CLAIM...
COME ON, MEN, YUH START WORK RIGHT AWAY...AND THE PAY'LL BE HIGH!
WE'RE READY!
LET'S GO!

WASTING NO TIME, BRICK STARTS FOR THE HILLS WITH HIS WORKERS...


MEANWHILE, SALLY HAS FOUND AND BURIED HER FATHER...
POOR DAD! HE WORKED SO HARD... AND HE NEVER FOUND ANYTHING!


PUT DOWN THET GUN, GAL... THIS CLAIM BELONGS TO ME!
YOU LIE, BRICK MADDEN! IT'S MINE, NOW, AND I'LL SHOOT YOU IF YOU COME CLOSER!

I GOT IT LEGAL! THE DEED'S AT THE CLAIM OFFICE!
ONE STEP MORE AND I'LL DEED YOU SOME LEAD!


ONE OF BRICK'S MEN SLIDES QUIETLY TO THE GROUND...

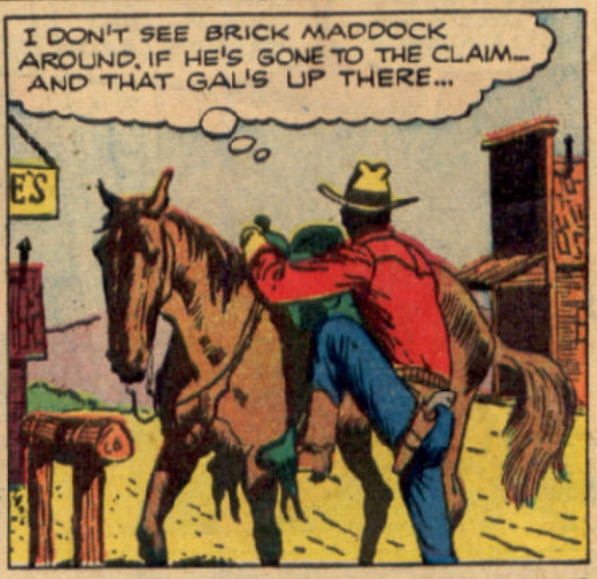
...AND CREEPS AROUND BEHIND SALLY...

SUDDENLY, HE GRABS HER FROM BEHIND...
OH!

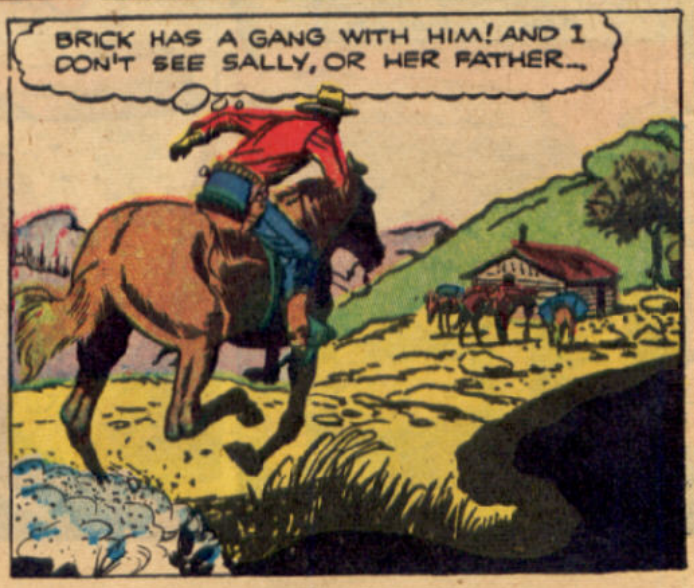
MEANWHILE, DALE IS PUZZLED ABOUT BRICK'S CLAIM DEED...
THIS WHOLE THING ABOUT SALLY AND HER DAD WORRIES ME...
CLAIMS

DID MADDOCK FILE A PAPER TO JIM LANSING'S CLAIM?
YES, SHERIFF, WANT TO SEE IT?

SOMEHOW, I DON'T BELIEVE THIS IS ON THE SQUARE!


I DON'T SEE BRICK MADDOCK AROUND. IF HE'S GONE TO THE CLAIM... AND THAT GAL'S UP THERE...

I DON'T THINK JIM LANSING WILLINGLY DEEDED HIS CLAIM TO BRICK. IF THERE'S A FIGHT, THE OLD MAN HASN'T A CHANCE. AND BRICK WOULDN'T SPARE THE GAL!


BRICK HAS A GANG WITH HIM! AND I DON'T SEE SALLY, OR HER FATHER...

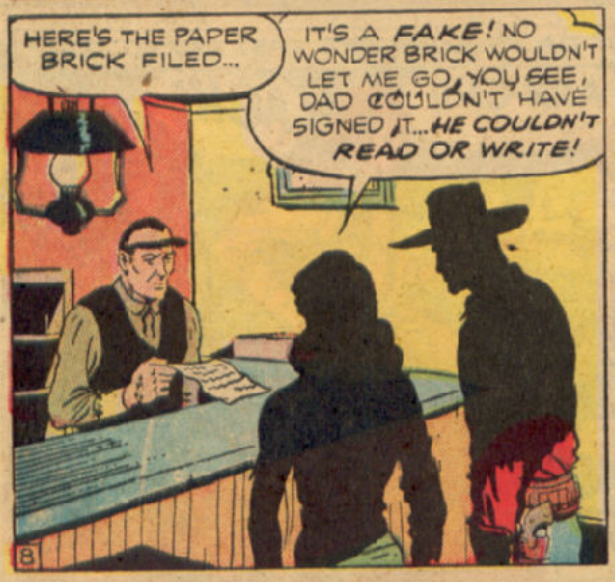
YUH AIN'T GONNA GIT IN OUR WAY, GAL! YOU'LL BE FOUND IN THE DESERT, TOO! AN' AFTER THE BUZZARDS GIT THROUGH, IT WON'T BE SO PRETTY!
YOU WOULDN'T DARE! LET ME GO!!
SHERIFF BOB RACES IN WITH GUNS READY...
BRICK AND HIS MEN DRAW, BUT DALE'S GUNS ARE FAST AND ACCURATE...
ARR-GH!!
AGH!

NO USE SHOOTING THEM. BRICK MADDOCK WAS THE ONE BEHIND THESE SHENANIGANS.

HOPE YOU'RE NOT HURT, SALLY!
NO, THANK HEAVENS... AND YOU, SHERIFF. NO TELLING WHAT THOSE MEN WOULD HAVE DONE TO ME!

WHAT MADE YOU COME UP HERE?
I FELT SOMETHING WAS WRONG WHEN BRICK SHOWED A NOTE SAYING YOUR DAD DEEDED THE CLAIM TO HIM!

I WOULDN'T LET THOSE VARMINTS JUMP THIS CLAIM, EVEN THOUGH DAD NEVER FOUND ANYTHING!
BUT HE DID! YOU'RE RICH, SALLY!


HERE'S THE PAPER BRICK FILED...
IT'S A FAKE! NO WONDER BRICK WOULDN'T LET ME GO, YOU SEE, DAD COULDN'T HAVE SIGNED IT... HE COULDN'T READ OR WRITE!
8

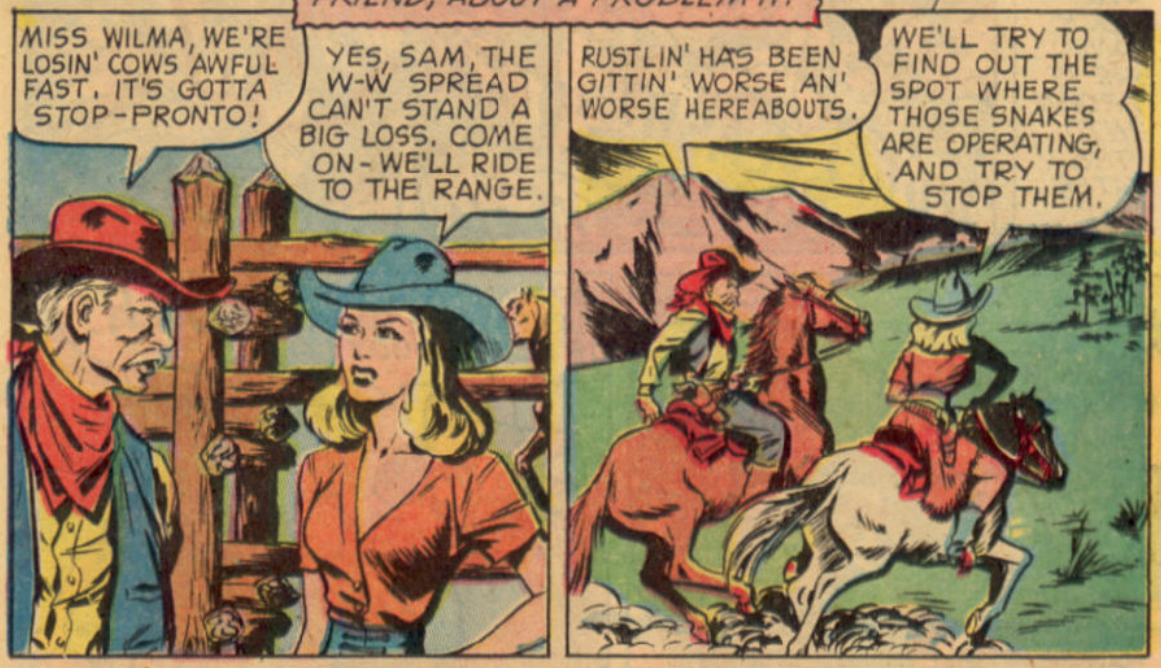
THANKS AGAIN FOR EVERYTHING, SHERIFF BOB!
ALL IN THE LINE OF DUTY, SALLY. GOOD LUCK!
READ FIGHTING BOB DALE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

WILMA WEST

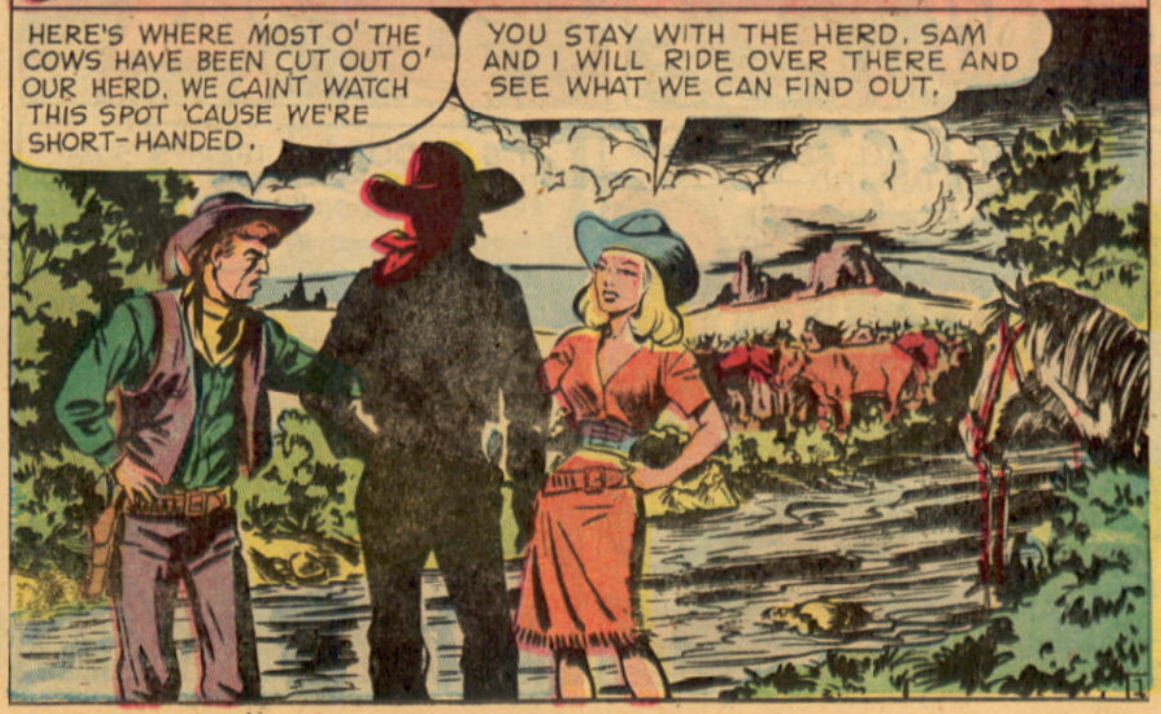
"THE RANGE RUNS RED"

by KEATS PETREE

WILMA, BEAUTIFUL AND BRAVE DAUGHTER OF THE WEST, CONSULTS OLD SONORA SAM, HER FAITHFUL FRIEND, ABOUT A PROBLEM...



ON THE RANGE, ONE OF THEIR HANDS LEADS THEM TO A BROOK...



SOON, THEY CROSS A CREEK. WILMA'S HORSE SLIPS ON A WET ROCK AND SHE IS THROWN INTO THE WATER...

HEY!

OH!

SPLASH!

SONORA SAM PULLS HER OUT...

MISS WILMA - YOU'RE HURT! - YORE SHIRT IS ALL BLOODY!

OOH-H!

THIS WATER IS ALL RED. I'LL DIP MY KERCHIEF IN, AND -

IT'S BLOOD! THE CREEK IS RED WITH BLOOD!!

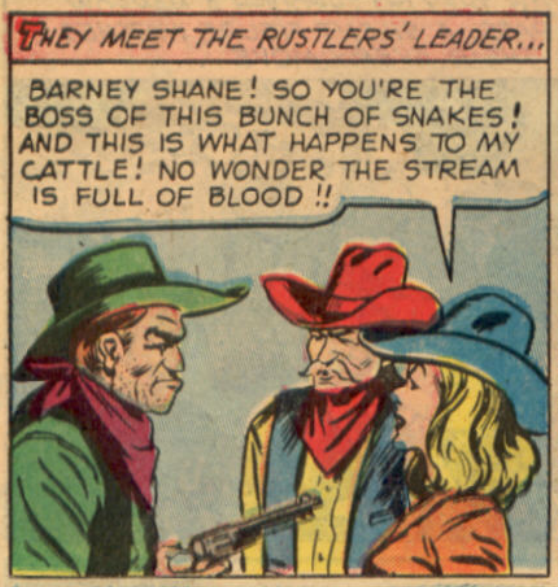
THERE'S SOME BAD BUSINESS GOIN' ON ROUND HERE, SURE.

KEEPING OUT OF VIEW, WILMA AND SAM PICK THEIR WAY UPSTREAM...

AS THEY GO THROUGH A NARROW PASS, A SILENT FIGURE WATCHES THEIR EVERY MOVE...

THE COME UPON A GORY SCENE...
LOOK, SAM, THEY'RE BUTCHERING CATTLE — OUR CATTLE!
YEP. THEM RUSTLERS THEN SHIP THE MEAT TUH MARKET.

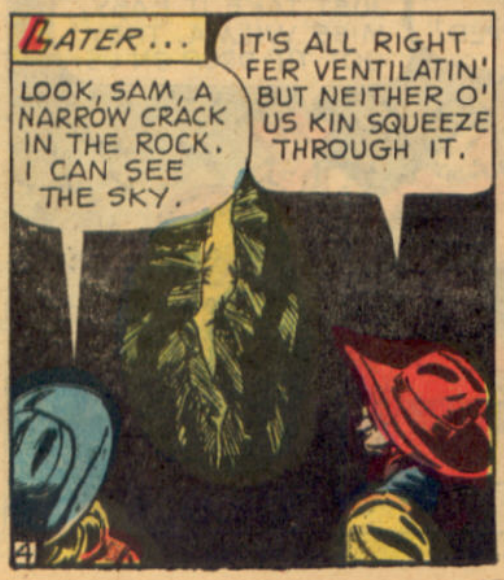
SEVERAL ROUGH FIGURES CONVERGE UPON THEM AND WILMA AND SAM FIND NO WAY OF ESCAPE...
TOSS YORE IRONS DOWN, YOU TWO!
OH, SAM, WE'RE TRAPPED!
JUST TAKE IT EASY, MISS WILMA. THEY GOT TH' DROP ON US.

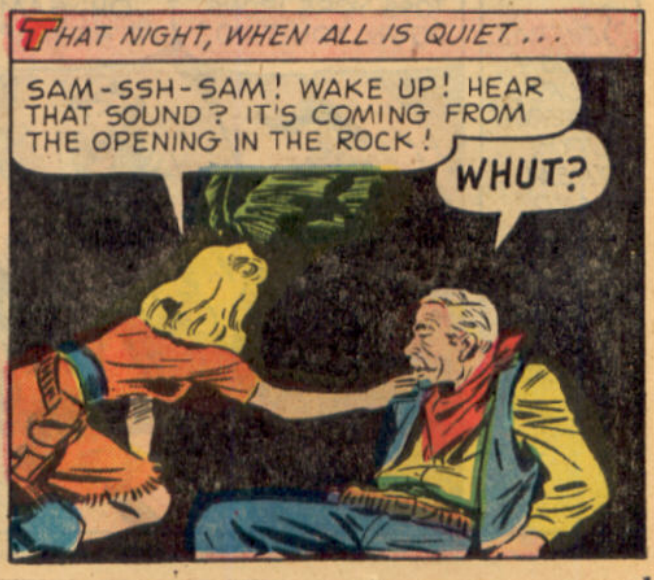

THEY MEET THE RUSTLERS' LEADER...
BARNEY SHANE! SO YOU'RE THE BOSS OF THIS BUNCH OF SNAKES! AND THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO MY CATTLE! NO WONDER THE STREAM IS FULL OF BLOOD !!

HAW! YUH AIN'T GOIN' TER TELL NOBODY 'BOUT ME. WHEN I GIT THROUGH WIT' YOU TWO, THE WATER WILL BE REDDER! THROW 'EM IN THE CAVE FER A SPELL, BOYS! —AN' KEEP A WATCH ON 'EM.

WILMA AND SAM ARE LOCKED IN...
I KNOW ONE O' THEM GALOOTS WITH SHANE. HE'S CACTUS CHARLIE, A YOUNGSTER I ONCE SAVED FROM A NOOSE.
MAYBE HE'S NOT REALLY AN OWLHOOT.

THE LEERING, EVIL-FACED GUARD ANNOYS WILMA THROUGH THE WINDOW.
PURTY HAIR, PURTY SKIN... LONG TIME SINCE I SEEN A GAL-
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF!


LATER...
LOOK, SAM, A NARROW CRACK IN THE ROCK. I CAN SEE THE SKY.
IT'S ALL RIGHT FER VENTILATIN' BUT NEITHER O' US KIN SQUEEZE THROUGH IT.


THAT NIGHT, WHEN ALL IS QUIET...
SAM-SSH-SAM! WAKE UP! HEAR THAT SOUND? IT'S COMING FROM THE OPENING IN THE ROCK!
WHUT?

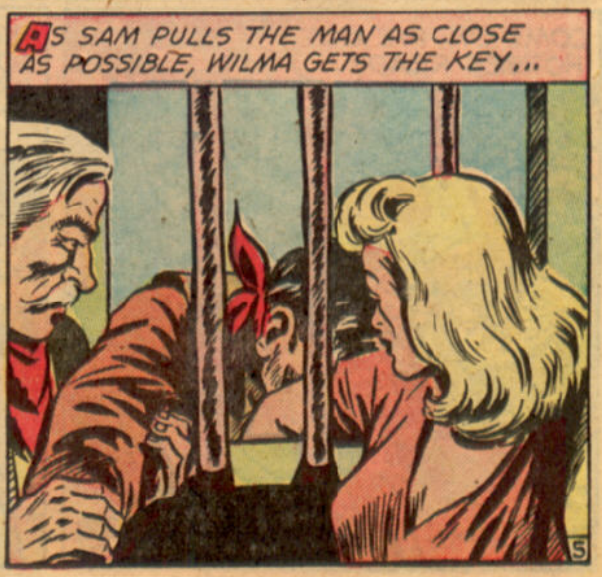
A GUN AND BELT OF CARTRIDGES APPEAR, LOWERED ON A ROPE...
A SIX-GUN!
CACTUS CHARLIE AIN'T FORGOT ME AFTER ALL!

WAIT TIL THAT OWLHOOT GUARD PUTS HIS HAND IN AT ME AGAIN. HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO –

WILMA CALLS TO THE GUARD...
HELLO. IT'S COLD IN HERE AND I CAN'T SLEEP.

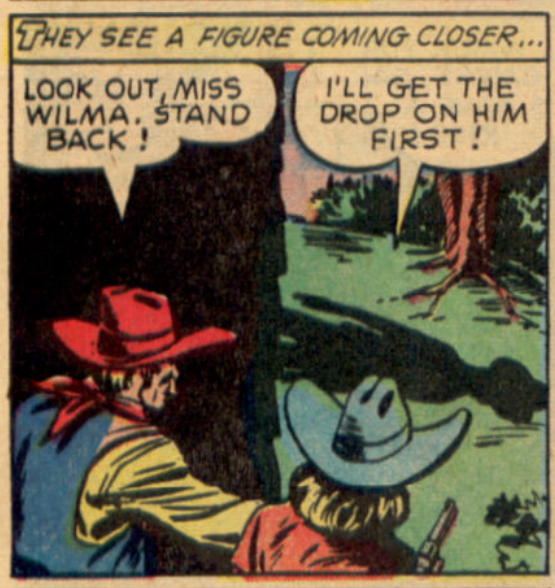
I'LL WARM YUH UP. C'MERE, GAL, LE'S HAVE A KISS!

SAM GRABS THE MAN'S ARM AS WILMA CLAPS THE GUN ON HIS HEAD...
ONE YELP, AND I'LL SCATTER YOUR BRAINS!


AS SAM PULLS THE MAN AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE, WILMA GETS THE KEY...
5

HOLD HIM TIGHT, SAM, WHILE I GO OUTSIDE—AND TIE HIM UP.
HURRY, MISS WILMA.

THIS'LL SILENCE HIM TIL WE CAN GET ON OUR WAY. OKAY, SAM.


THEY SEE A FIGURE COMING CLOSER...
LOOK OUT, MISS WILMA. STAND BACK!
I'LL GET THE DROP ON HIM FIRST!

IT'S CACTUS CHARLIE!
DON'T SHOOT, I WUZ COMIN' TO HELP YOU.

COME ON, I'VE GOT HORSES READY.

TUCK YORE HAIR IN YORE HAT, MISS, SO YOU'LL LOOK LIKE ONE O' THE GANG. I'LL GIVE THE PASSWORD AN' WE'LL GET OUTA HERE.

CACTUS CHARLIE GIVES THE WORD AND THEY THUNDER PAST THE SENTRIES...
RATTLESNAKE!
WHEN WELL ON THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM...
WHUT YUH DOIN' WITH THEM RUSTLIN' THIEVES, CHARLIE? HOW COME?
THEY FRAMED ME FER KILLIN' A MAN IN GILA GULCH. I DIDN'T DO IT, BUT I HAD TO HEAD FER TH' HILLS.
LATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...
THE RUSTLERS ARE AT ELBOW BEND. THEY'RE SLAUGHTERING THE COWS THEY STEAL FROM SPREADS ALL OVER THE COUNTY.
I'LL FORM A POSSE AN' GET AFTER 'EM!
CACTUS CHARLIE, HERE, GOT US OUT OF THEIR CLUTCHES. NOW I WANT YOU TO CLEAR HIM OF SOME TROUBLE IN GILA GULCH.
THAT MESS IS ALL OVER. WE FOUND THE REAL KILLER.
THAT'S GREAT NEWS, SHERIFF. I'LL JOIN YORE POSSE AN' HELP YUH GIT SHANE AN' HIS GANG.
NEXT MORNING, WILMA AND SAM WATCH AS CACTUS CHARLIE JOINS THE POSSE AND THEY ALL RIDE TO RAID THE RUSTLERS.
THE BOYS'LL CLEAN OUT THAT RUSTLERS' NEST, SURE 'NUFF.
YES, AND OUR HERDS WILL BE SAFE AGAIN.
SALOON
7

K-BAR-KATE

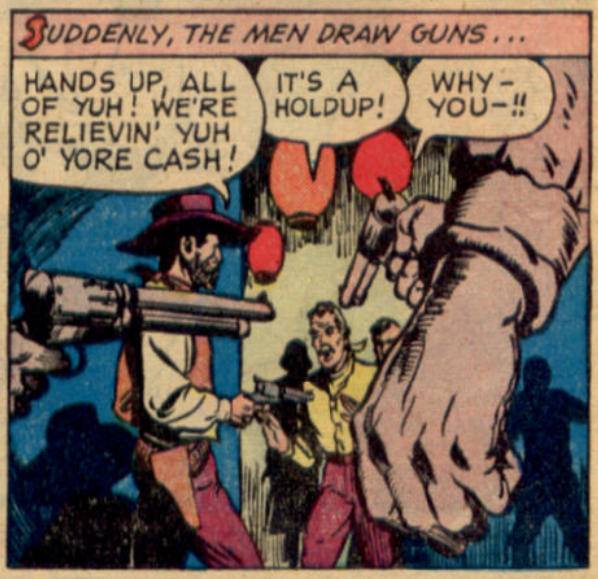
in "FIRE and BULLETS" by KEN BATTEFIELD

KATE HAS A LOT OF FUN AMONG HER FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS...

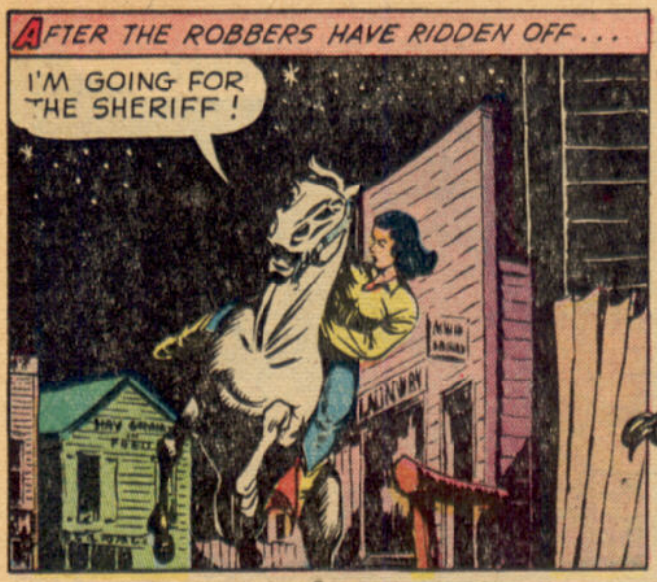
ONE OF THE MEN WHISKS KATE OUT ONTO THE DANCE FLOOR...
C'MON, SISTER, SHAKE A LEG!
WHY, I DON'T KNOW YOU! I-

HE HOLDS HER EMBARRASSINGLY CLOSE, AND SHE SLAPS HIS FACE...
LET ME GO!

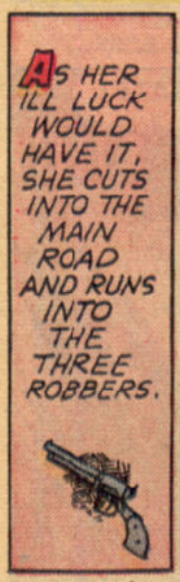
GIT OUT O' HERE, STRANGERS! YORE NOT WANTED!
HAW! HAW! WE'LL GO WHEN WE'RE READY!


SUDDENLY, THE MEN DRAW GUNS...
HANDS UP, ALL OF YUH! WE'RE RELIEVIN' YUH O' YORE CASH!
IT'S A HOLDUP!
WHY- YOU-!!

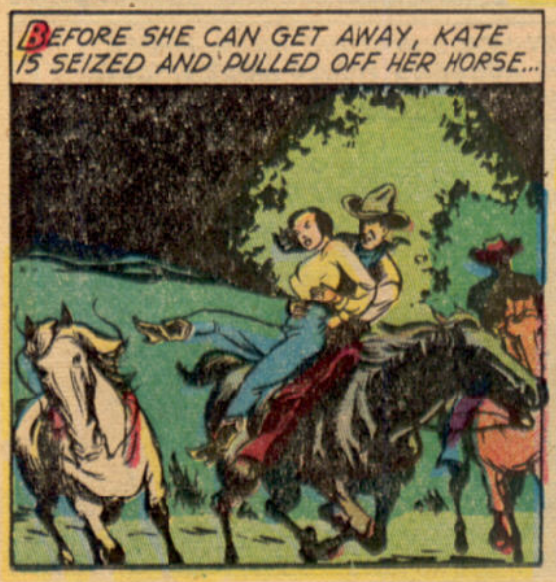
HAVING ROBBED THE PEOPLE OF THEIR VALUABLES, THE RASCALLY GANG BACKS OUT...
LET'S GO, SPIKE. I'VE GOT THE BOX WITH THE TICKET MONEY.
KEEP YORE HANDS UP!
WE'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, YOU SNAKES!


AFTER THE ROBBERS HAVE RIDDEN OFF...
I'M GOING FOR THE SHERIFF!
LAWMAN

KATE TAKES A SHORT CUT THROUGH COYOTE PASS...
I'LL GET THE LAWMAN ON THE TRAIL OF THOSE THIEVES RIGHT AWAY –


AS HER ILL LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, SHE CUTS INTO THE MAIN ROAD AND RUNS INTO THE THREE ROBBERS.

OH-OH!
HEY, LOOK- IT'S A GAL!
YEAH, IT'S THE ONE WHO SLAPPED ME AT THE DANCE. NOW I'LL GIT EVEN!


BEFORE SHE CAN GET AWAY, KATE IS SEIZED AND PULLED OFF HER HORSE...

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!
YELL YORE HEAD OFF, IT WON'T DO YUH NO GOOD, GAL!

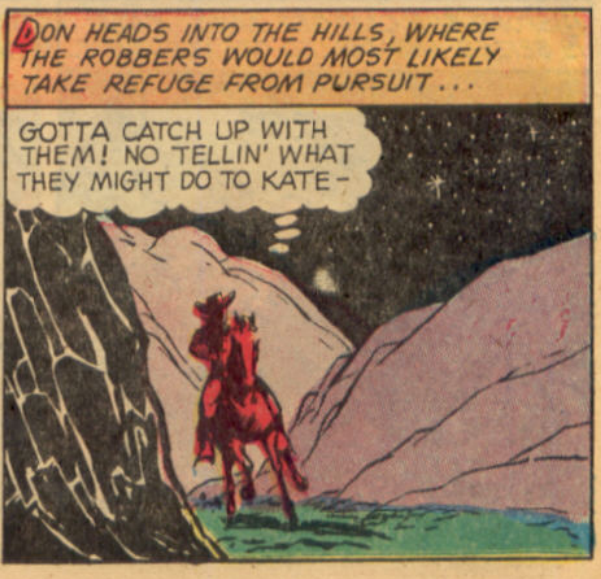
MEANWHILE, DON HAS GONE BACK TO THE DANCE TO TAKE KATE HOME ...
WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT FOR? WHERE'S KATE?

THREE SKUNKS HELD US UP. KATE'S GONE TO TELL THE SHERIFF.

THE SHERIFF'S NOT IN HIS OFFICE. HE'S OUT WITH A POSSE. I'D BETTER GO AFTER KATE. SHE WON'T BE SAFE WITH THOSE VARMINTS LOOSE!

HE TAKES THE SHORT CUT, AND SEES...
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO KATE! THERE'S HER HORSE-!

PLENTY SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE 'ROUND HERE! THEY MUSTA CARRIED HER OFF!

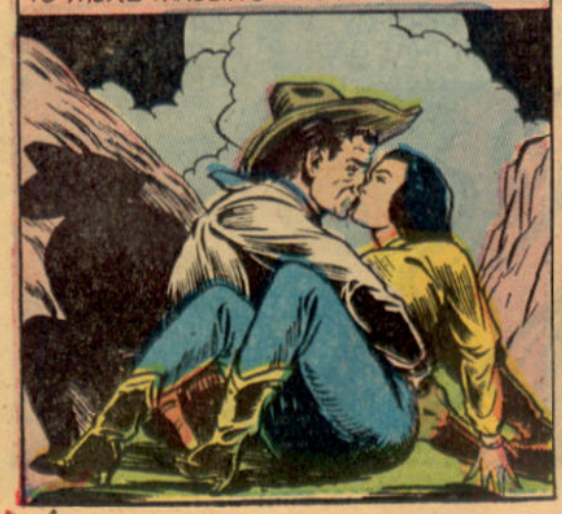

DON HEADS INTO THE HILLS, WHERE THE ROBBERS WOULD MOST LIKELY TAKE REFUGE FROM PURSUIT...
GOTTA CATCH UP WITH THEM! NO TELLIN' WHAT THEY MIGHT DO TO KATE-

HIGHER UP, AMONG THE CRAGS, THE GANG STOPS FOR THE NIGHT...
WE'LL STOP HERE, BOYS, AND REST TIL MORNING.

GIMME A KISS, GAL. YUH OWE ME PLENTY FER THAT SLAP!

KATE, WITH A PLAN IN MIND, PLAYS UP TO THE UNCOUTH RASCAL...
THAT WAS NICE. BUT IF YOU UNTIE MY HANDS, I COULD GIVE YOU A HUG.

WATCH OUT-SHE MIGHT TRY TO GIT AWAY.
AW, SHE WON'T. SHE CAN'T GIT ANY HELP AROUND HERE.


KATE, STIFLING HER LOATHING, SUBMITS TO MORE MAULING FROM THE RASCAL...

I'D LIKE TO HAVE A CIGARETTE.
SURE, GAL, ANYTHING YUH WANT. YUH SURE ARE A PIP. WE'RE GOIN' TO GIT ALONG SWELL!

KATE QUIETLY SCRAPES DRY LEAVES TOGETHER...

...THEN SHE PINCHES OUT THE LIGHTED CIGARETTE...

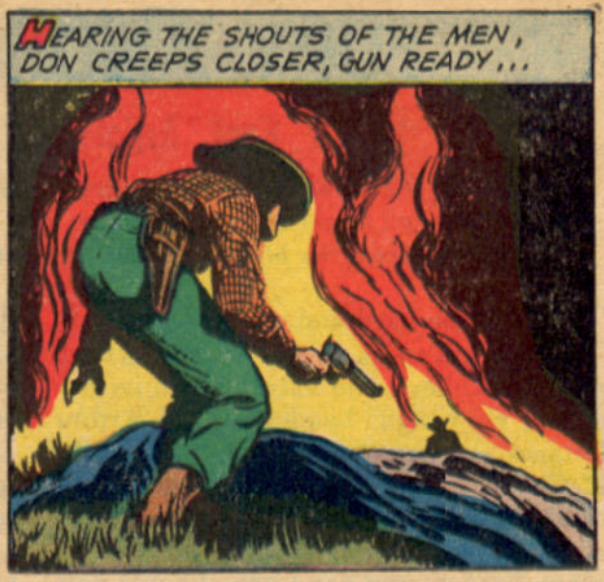
GIVE ME A MATCH. MY CIGARETTE'S GONE OUT.
SURE -

SHE QUICKLY LIGHTS THE LEAVES...
HEY-! STOP THAT!

AS FLAMES SOAR UP, SHE RUNS OFF INTO THE DENSE UNDERBRUSH...
COME BACK HERE!

AS THE BRUSH FIRE GETS OUT OF CONTROL, THEY CHASE KATE AROUND IN THE DARKNESS OF THE HILLS...
WAIT TIL I GIT MY HANDS ON THAT GAL!
YUH GAVE HER THAT MATCH, YUH FOOL!

DON SEES THE FIRE, AND HURRIES...
THERE THEY ARE! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED--THE BRUSH IS AFIRE!


HEARING THE SHOUTS OF THE MEN, DON CREEPS CLOSER, GUN READY...

AS KATE RUNS BACK AND FORTH, WITH HER PURSUERS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE FIRE, DON PICKS OFF THE MEN, ONE BY ONE...
ARR-GH-H!

UGH!

AWK!

HALLOO - KATE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
OH, DON-YOU GOT HERE! THANK HEAVEN!

YOU WERE CLEVER, KATE, TO LIGHT THAT FIRE.
OH, DON'T TALK, DON. JUST KISS ME AND WIPE OUT THE MEMORY OF THOSE AWFUL MEN!

FURY AND HOT LEAD

A Fact Article of the Old West

When that mob of blood-hungry Texans invaded Tuttle's wild frontier dance hall to get Marshal Delaney, they never expected such spitting death to bust from the blazing guns of the pathetic kid Delaney had befriended!

THEY came hard and quick-triggered in Newton, Kansas, in 1871. The cowtown eclipsed Abilene and Ellsworth in its record of rip-roarin' homicide. And Arthur Delaney, whose summer name was Mike McCluskie, was as hard and quick as they came. Nevertheless, Delaney was a respected policeman, on the night shift in Newton. Huge, brawny and handsome, he was popular with the leading citizens and many who were not so leading. His protege, Jimmy Riley, was one of the latter.

By no stretch of the imagination could Jimmy be called a leading citizen. He was not even prominent. In fact he was about as low in the social scale as he could go and stay out of jail. Jimmy was an eighteen-year-old lunger, thin-faced, hollow-chested and undersized. He apparently had dropped out of the nowhere and—that's back where he went in the end.

Jimmy Riley could never hold a job, his clothes were ragged, and his meals irregular. Self-effacing by inclination and necessity, the little runt was always being kicked and cuffed around until Delaney took him under his wing, gave him a place to sleep and saw that he got something to eat.

The cadaverous, hollow-eyed youngster worshipped the big policeman and followed at his heals like a hound pup. Some say that they were related but, in any case, the youth had attached himself to Delaney, the first man in the cowtown to treat him decently. In fact, if anybody even looked askance at the consumptive, that person had to answer to the officer.

WILLIAM WILSON, better known as Bill Bailey, was a gambler from Texas who was too quick on the trigger to suit peace officers in Newton. He was courting the same woman that Delaney looked upon with more than passing affection. The records of both men augured trouble, sooner or later.

At a town election, August 11, 1871, Bailey was acting as a special policeman. With too much liquor under his belt, he became over-officious and abusive. His ribald taunts, directed at Delaney, led to a violent quarrel between the two men that came to a head that evening in the Red Front Saloon. A fist fight climaxed the affair, with Bailey running out of the place, swearing vengeance.

When Delaney left the saloon, a short time later, the drunken gambler was waiting across the street. When the smoke had cleared, Bailey was mortally wounded. He died a little later.

The friends of the two men differed in their interpretation of the affair and, to avoid difficulty, Delaney kept under cover for a few days. The boys from Texas were making threats. Finally, the officer came out in the open on the evening of August 19, with Jimmy Riley at his heels. It was in the notorious Tuttle's dancehall that the dead gambler's Texas friends found Delaney.

The place was going at full blast, though it was after midnight. The gamblers and bartenders were busy at their duties and the big policeman was enjoying himself at being back in circulation. The youth with tuberculosis was leaning against the wall, near the door, coughing quietly behind his ragged coat sleeve.

The grim Texans were led by Hugh Anderson, a young rancher who had smoked down more than one hombre. The vengeful party flung itself into the garish, smoke-filled room but the musicians and dancers

were too occupied to notice. Laughter and conversation competed with the clinking of glasses, clatter of poker chips and the noise of the entertainers. Dancing cowboy boots jarred the buildings so that the coal-oil lamps swung crazily from the rafters overhead.

Pausing to locate Delaney, the Texans glimpsed him through the crowd. He was playing cards with a group at one of the tables and failed to see the cowmen advancing toward him.

Cursing luridly, the Texans elbowed their way through the dancing throngs and Anderson drew his six-gun. As he reached the table, he began to chuck lead and two slugs passed through Delaney's body. He was mortally wounded and his body slumped to the floor.

The dancehall turned into a madhouse, the patrons and employees seeking safety behind the bar and upturned tables. Some tried to get out the door and windows. The Texans stood looking down at the body of the dying man.

THEN for the Panhandle bunch there was quick disaster that made frontier history. It came from the doorway where Jimmy Riley had been brushed aside by the advancing Texans. Jimmy Riley, the emaciated runt, the harmless, pitiful butt of cowboy's jokes, the self-effacing kid who had dodged kicks and cuffs ever since he could remember, had come to life with a vengeance.

When the youth saw his idol shot down by the Texans, he stood for a moment in a daze. He would not believe what he saw. Then he shook his thin, frail body and spat blood on the floor.

In that moment he became an insane, berserk, lurid fury. Slamming the door shut and turning the key, he whirled and faced the Texans. From holsters beneath his tattered clothes, he drew two huge six-guns that made him seem even slighter than he really was.

Then he began to kill Texans! While someone shot out the lights, he continued to trigger those guns until they were empty. Then he unlocked the door and disappeared in the darkness. Jimmy Riley's brief appearance in the center of the stage was ended.

Broken windows let in the air and a light came on as the crowd continued to fight its way to the outdoors. Nine men lay dead or wounded on the floor as the room ejected the frenzied mob.

Finally a measure of sanity returned and the wounded were cared for. The list of dead included, besides Delaney, Jim Martin, who was a Texas trail boss, Billy Garrett and Henry Kearns, the latter two of Anderson's hunkies. Hugh Anderson himself was so badly wounded that he never completely recovered, and died a few years later. Pat Lee, a railroad worker, was gut-shot and dying. Other wounded men were Jim Wilkerson and two other innocent bystanders, Bartlett and Hickey by name.

The lead-slinging at Tuttle's set off other shootings, in which three men were wounded before the excitement died down.

The dawn brought a coroner's jury that immediately decided that Delaney had been murdered by Anderson. But the Texans were not finished. They scared the jury out of Newton so quickly that no action was taken against the leader of the group and they managed to smuggle the wounded Anderson to a railroad car. Here they hid him and guarded the coach until the train pulled out.

Search for Jimmy Riley continued for years but he had disappeared like a puff of smoke. No word of him to this day has ever reached Newton. But there are some old-timers who opine that he coughed his lungs out in a dry wash west of town and the coyotes finished him off.

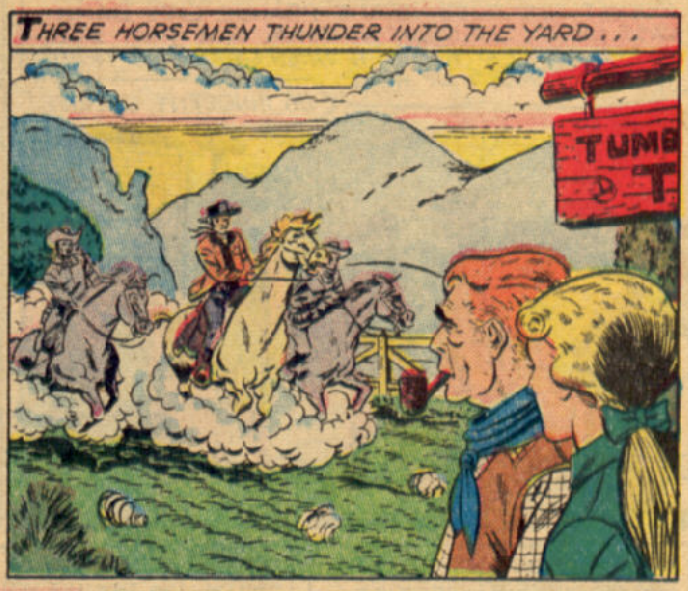
For sixty seconds Jimmy Riley had held the center of the stage in one of the bloodiest gun battles in frontier history. Five men died and seven more were wounded when the pent-up frustrations and repressions of his tragic career were transformed into insane fury and hot lead.

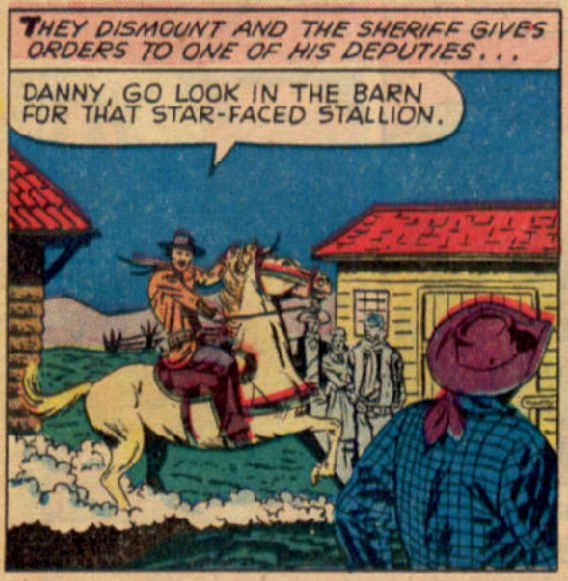
SIX-GUN SMITH

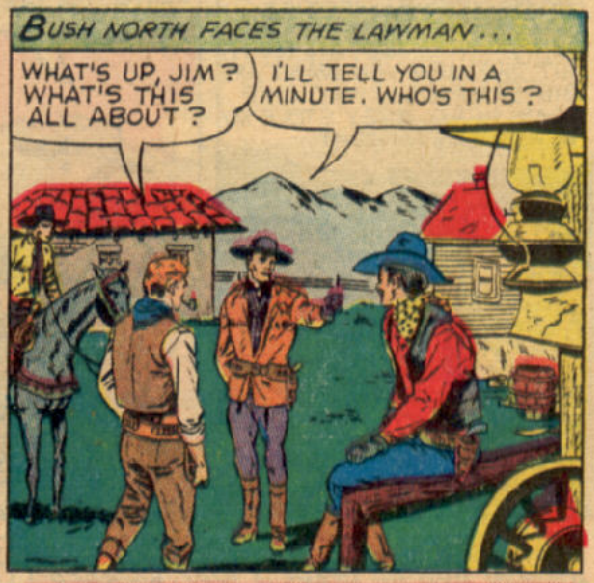
"FRAME FOR A COWPOKE"

SMITH, A CARE-FREE, ROVING COWHAND, WANDERS AIMLESSLY OVER THE VAST OPEN SPACES OF THE WEST, WORKING WHEN THE OPPORTUNITY OFFERS, BUT NEVER STAYING LONG IN ONE PLACE. LATE ONE AFTERNOON HE HEADS UP TO THE **TUMBLE T** RANCH, A SMALL OUTFIT RUN BY OLD BUSH NORTH AND HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, MERCY. SMITH ASKS LODGINGS...

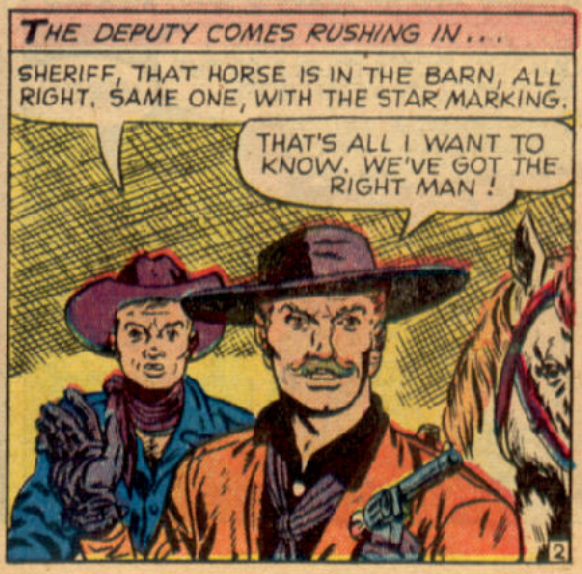
MERCY IS GIVING SMITH BREAKFAST BEFORE HE LEAVES, WHEN THEY HEAR THE SOUND OF ARRIVALS...
WHO'S THAT?

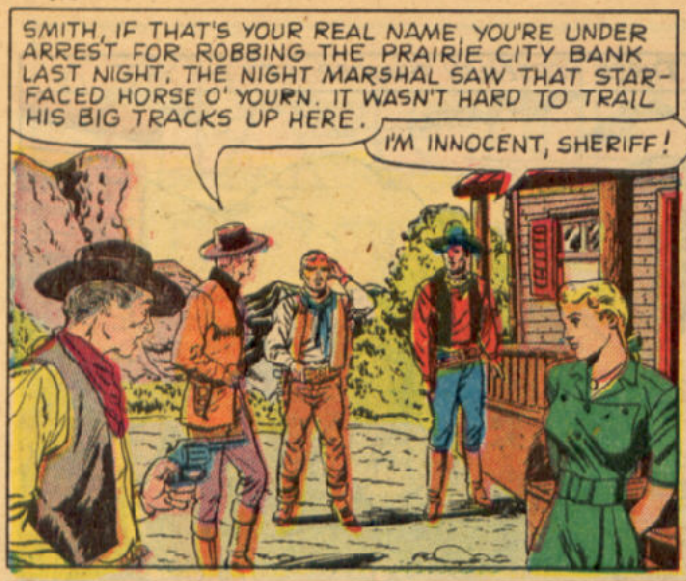

THREE HORSEMEN THUNDER INTO THE YARD...


THEY DISMOUNT AND THE SHERIFF GIVES ORDERS TO ONE OF HIS DEPUTIES...
DANNY, GO LOOK IN THE BARN FOR THAT STAR-FACED STALLION.


BUSH NORTH FACES THE LAWMAN...
WHAT'S UP, JIM? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
I'LL TELL YOU IN A MINUTE. WHO'S THIS?

THIS FELLER'S NAMED SMITH - JEST COME UP FROM THE PANHANDLE, I PUT HIM AN' HIS HOSS UP FER THE NIGHT. SMITH, MEET SHERIFF JIM FELTON.


THE DEPUTY COMES RUSHING IN...
SHERIFF, THAT HORSE IS IN THE BARN, ALL RIGHT. SAME ONE, WITH THE STAR MARKING.
THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW. WE'VE GOT THE RIGHT MAN!

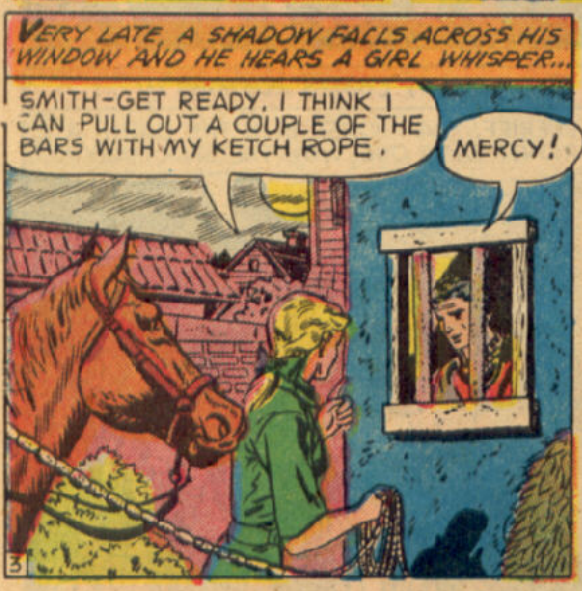

SMITH, IF THAT'S YOUR REAL NAME, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR ROBBING THE PRAIRIE CITY BANK LAST NIGHT. THE NIGHT MARSHAL SAW THAT STAR-FACED HORSE O' YOURN. IT WASN'T HARD TO TRAIL HIS BIG TRACKS UP HERE.
I'M INNOCENT, SHERIFF!

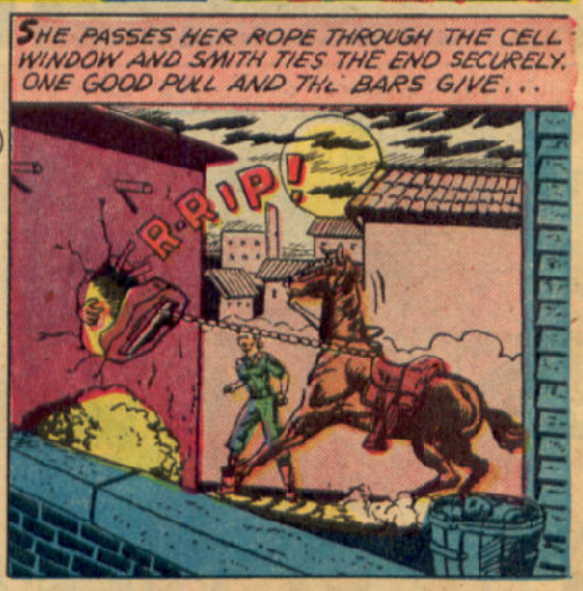
THEM SAMPSONS THOUGHT THEY COULD PIN IT ON ME 'CAUSE I'M A STRANGER! IT WUZ NO ACCIDENT THAT THE NIGHT MARSHAL SAW THE MARKINGS ON MY HORSE--!

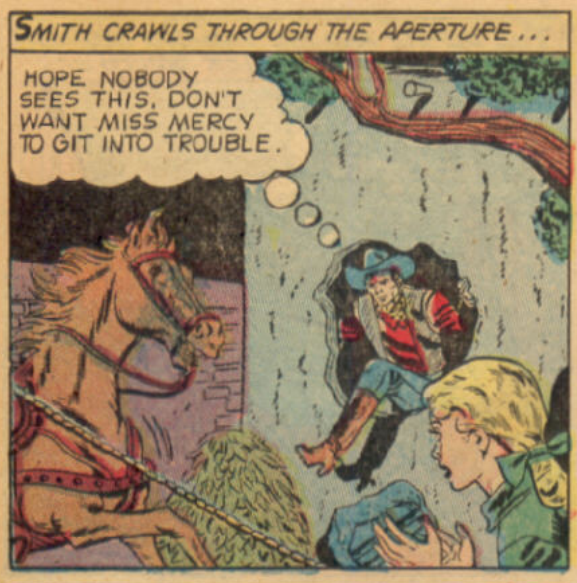
I RECKON YUH CAME TO THE WRONG SPREAD, SHERIFF. STARFACE MIGHTA BEEN RIDDEN ON THAT JOB, ALL RIGHT, BUT THE MEN YOU WANT ARE THE SAMPSONS, WHO LIVE NEAR HERE. THEY STOLE MY HORSE LAST NIGHT.

YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE THAT, SMITH. I'M TAKING YOU IN.

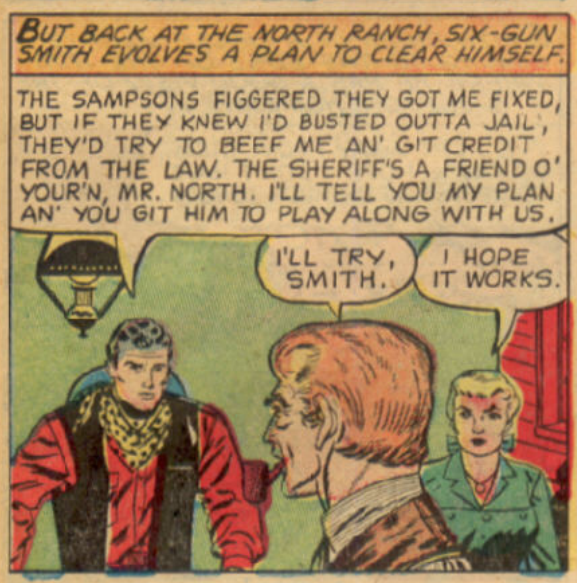
THAT NIGHT, TORN BY FURY AND DESPAIR, SMITH SITS IN HIS CELL, UNABLE TO GET TO SLEEP...


VERY LATE, A SHADOW FALLS ACROSS HIS WINDOW AND HE HEARS A GIRL WHISPER...
SMITH-GET READY. I THINK I CAN PULL OUT A COUPLE OF THE BARS WITH MY KETCH ROPE.
MERCY!


SHE PASSES HER ROPE THROUGH THE CELL WINDOW AND SMITH TIES THE END SECURELY. ONE GOOD PULL AND THE BARS GIVE...
R-R-IP!


SMITH CRAWLS THROUGH THE APERTURE...
HOPE NOBODY SEES THIS. DON'T WANT MISS MERCY TO GIT INTO TROUBLE.

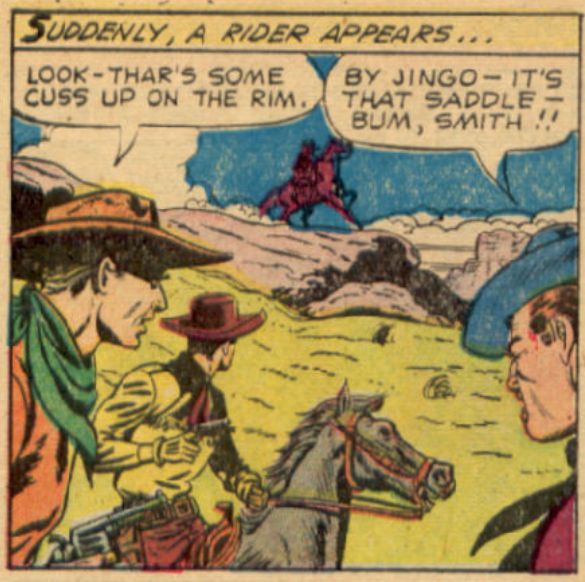
MERCY HAS BROUGHT AN EXTRA HORSE. THEY MOUNT AND GALLOP AWAY...
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE A THIEF, SMITH. WE'LL HIDE YOU A FEW DAYS AND THEN YOU CAN GO ON YOUR WAY
THANK YUH, MISS MERCY.

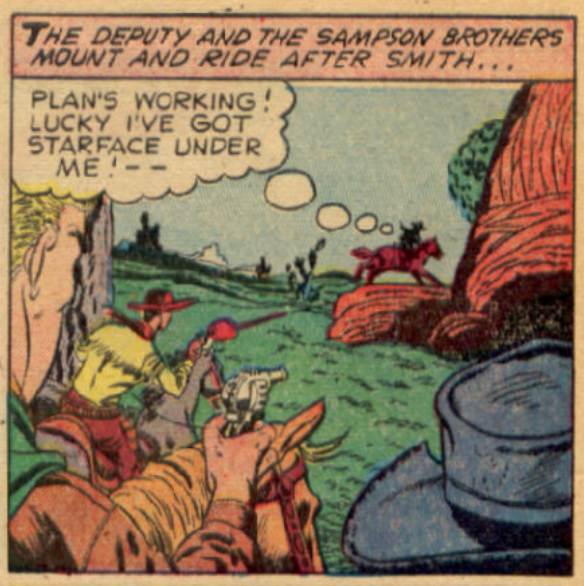

BUT BACK AT THE NORTH RANCH, SIX-GUN SMITH EVOLVES A PLAN TO CLEAR HIMSELF.
THE SAMPSONS FIGGERED THEY GOT ME FIXED, BUT IF THEY KNEW I'D BUSTED OUTTA JAIL, THEY'D TRY TO BEEF ME AN' GIT CREDIT FROM THE LAW. THE SHERIFF'S A FRIEND O' YOUR'N, MR. NORTH. I'LL TELL YOU MY PLAN AN' YOU GIT HIM TO PLAY ALONG WITH US.
I'LL TRY, SMITH.
I HOPE IT WORKS.

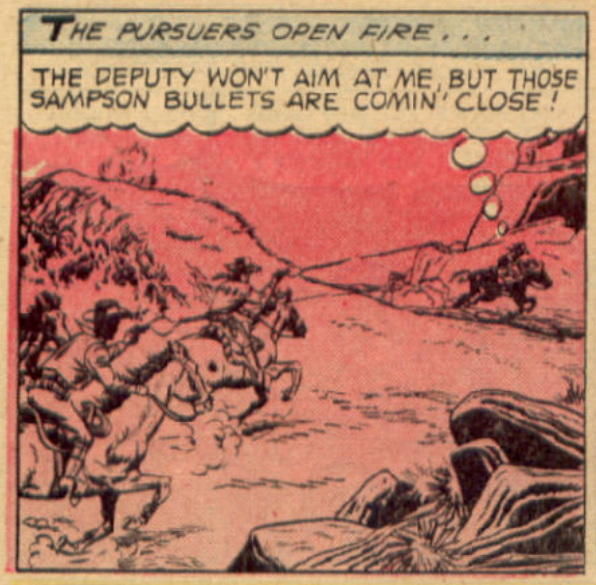
NORTH SEES THE SHERIFF, AND LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON, A DEPUTY RIDES INTO THE HOMESTEAD OF THE SAMPSONS...
YOU FOLKS SEE ANYTHING O' THAT SADDLE BUM WE ARRESTED YESTERDAY?
HE'S IN JAIL, AIN'T HE?

THE DEPUTY CASUALLY BREAKS THE NEWS TO OLD JUBA SAMPSON.
HE BUSTED OUT LAST NIGHT.
WHUT?

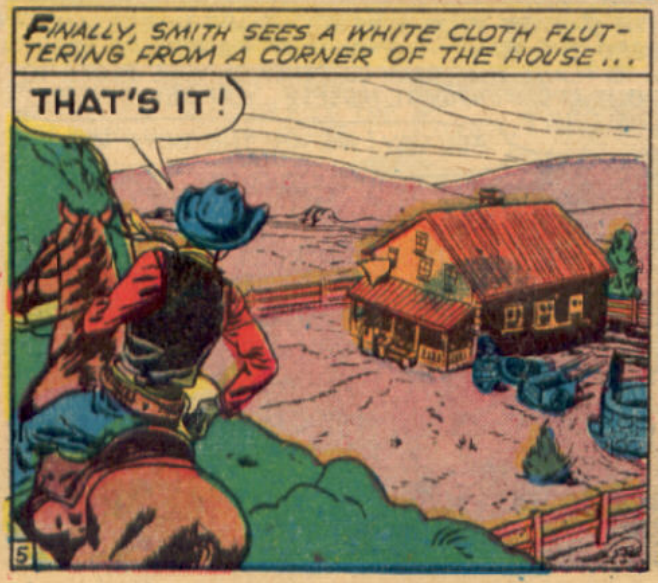
SMITH SWEARS YOUR BOYS STOLE HIS HORSE AND ROBBED THE BANK. THE SHERIFF FIGGERS HE MIGHT TRY TO PLANT THAT BANK CURRENCY ON YORE PLACE TO GIT OUT FROM UNDER IT HISSELF. YOU BEEN HERE ALL ALONG?
ALL DAY! ME AN' THE BOYS TOO!

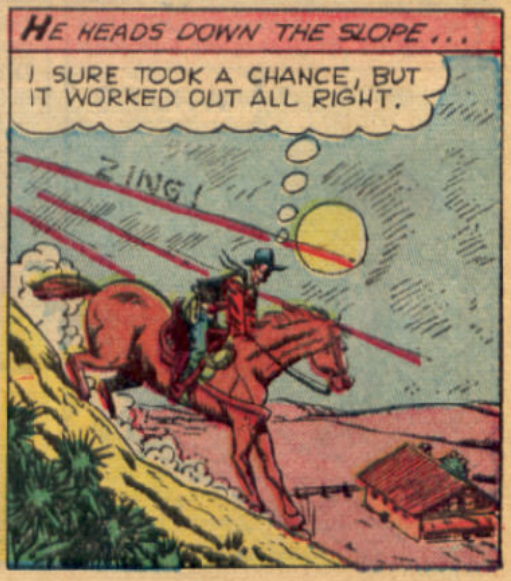

SUDDENLY, A RIDER APPEARS...
LOOK-THAR'S SOME CUSS UP ON THE RIM.
BY JINGO— IT'S THAT SADDLE-BUM, SMITH !!


THE DEPUTY AND THE SAMPSON BROTHERS MOUNT AND RIDE AFTER SMITH...
PLAN'S WORKING! LUCKY I'VE GOT STARFACE UNDER ME!--

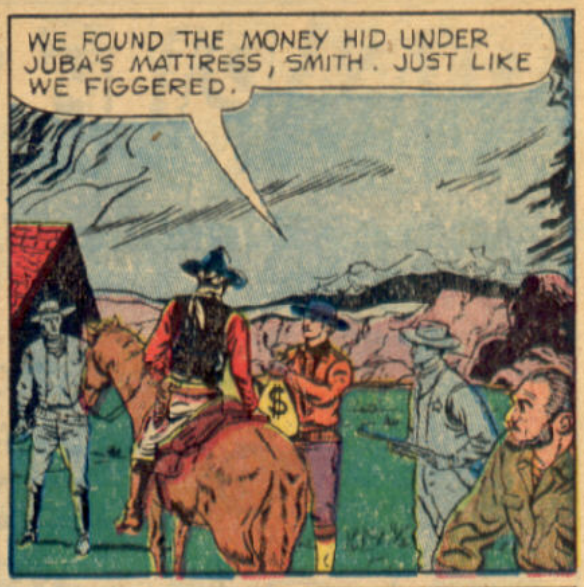

THE PURSUERS OPEN FIRE...
THE DEPUTY WON'T AIM AT ME, BUT THOSE SAMPSON BULLETS ARE COMIN' CLOSE!

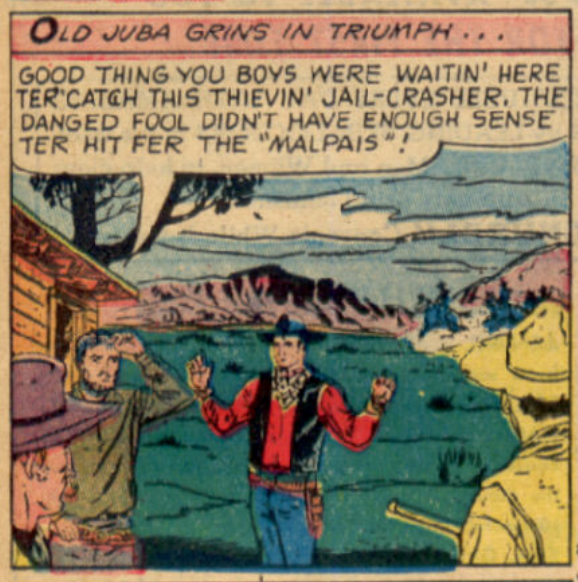
SMITH RIDES IN A CIRCLE, ALWAYS COMING TO THE EDGE OF THE RIM WHERE HE HAS A GOOD VIEW OF THE SAMPSON HOMESITE...
I'VE KEPT AWAY FROM THEM SO FAR... HOPE I DON'T HAVE TO KEEP THIS UP MUCH LONGER.


FINALLY, SMITH SEES A WHITE CLOTH FLUTTERING FROM A CORNER OF THE HOUSE...
THAT'S IT!


HE HEADS DOWN THE SLOPE...
I SURE TOOK A CHANCE, BUT IT WORKED OUT ALL RIGHT.
ZING!

AT THE SAMPSON HOUSE SMITH FACES SHERIFF FELTON AND TWO MORE OF HIS DEPUTIES, WITH OLD JUBA SAMPSON...
LOOK-HERE'S THE VARMINT NOW.
YES-WE'RE EXPECTIN HIM, JUBA.


WE FOUND THE MONEY HID UNDER JUBA'S MATTRESS, SMITH. JUST LIKE WE FIGGERED.


OLD JUBA GRINS IN TRIUMPH...
GOOD THING YOU BOYS WERE WAITIN' HERE TER CATCH THIS THIEVIN' JAIL-CRASHER. THE DANGED FOOL DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH SENSE TER HIT FER THE "MALPAIS"!

BUT AS THE OLD MAN'S SONS RIDE UP, THE LAWMEN'S GUNS SHIFT TO THE SAMPSONS...
YOU SNAKES AIN'T GOT A LEG TO STAND ON. REMEMBER, WE FOUND THE MONEY UNDER YOUR MATTRESS!
IF YUH FOUND ANY, IT WUZ PLANTED!

OH NO, JUBA. SMITH COULDN'T HAVE PLANTED IT. HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HERE 'CAUSE YOU AND THE BOYS SWORE YOU WERE HERE YOURSELVES, ALL THREE O' YOU!
YUH TRICKED US!!

LATER, AT BUSH NORTH'S RANCH...
WE'D LIKE YOU TO STAY ON, SMITH. DAD CAN USE A HAND.
NO, THANKS, MISS MERCY. I'VE HAD ENOUGH EXCITEMENT AROUND HERE, SO I'LL SAY "ADIOS" AND BE ON MY WAY.

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"ACNUREL" Conceals While It Heals

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FIRST, ACNUREL Detergent thoroughly *penetrates* and *cleanses* the affected area, removing foreign matter lodged in the pores. Dirt is attracted to your skin by oily secretions of over-active sebaceous glands, and ACNUREL Detergent (skin cleanser) counteracts oiliness, and removes the dirt and foreign matter.

ACNUREL CONCEALS WHILE IT HEALS

SECOND, PURELON'S ACNUREL Cream carries out the medication or healing stage of the treatment. While its active ingredients are attacking the infection, ACNUREL Cream conceals the blemishes under a pleasant, natural looking film, over which *make-up can be applied* . . . YOU will gain confidence when you can face the world with a clear, attractive-looking skin . . . While ACNUREL Cream is at work with its soothing, healing effects it is also preventing RE-INFECTION of the surface areas, raising scales, helping heal and clear rashes, and helping to prevent *PERMANENT PITTING and SCARRING.*

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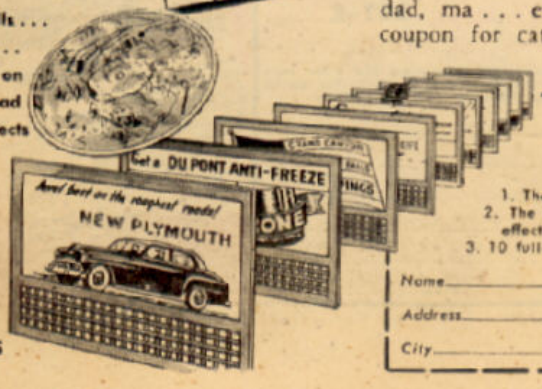

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11 — WONDER FEATURES — 11

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